

Wednesday, February 16, 1898.

EVENTS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Major Henry Moore, a Soldier of the Revolutionary War, Tells the Happenings of Those Days.

We have already stated that we had in our possession a copy of Major Henry Moore's manuscript—"Recollections of the Revolutionary War." We feel sure that the greater part of it will be of interest to our readers, and we have decided to publish practically all of it. Accompanying this manuscript is a short sketch of the life of Henry Moore, but by whom it is written we do not know. It appears that Henry Moore died at his residence on Jackson's Creek, in Fairfield District, on the 13th March, 1841, in the 89th year of his age. We are told in this sketch that when he came to this country, he "found a home on the plantation which he afterwards owned and where he lived and died," that "bringing with him the rudiments of a classical education, Major Moore started in life with more flattering prospects than fell to the lot of most of the youthful emigrants of that day;" that he "commenced his career by opening a grammar school near the present town of Winnsboro;" that "Mt. Zion College in Winnsboro, which for many years after the Revolutionary war was the only institution in this State conferring degrees and which continues to be a school of the first standing, was the legitimate offspring of this humble effort;" that when the war came "Major Moore believing that his mathematical knowledge would best qualify him for the artillery service, he solicited and through the influence of friends, obtained the appointment of Lieutenant of artillery in S. C. Continental lines, and left the school for the battlefield;" that his conduct at the Battle of Beaufort "is creditably noticed in Garden's Anecdotes of the Revolution;" that from Charleston he was detailed to bring a company of artillery "left on the Savannah River as a corps of observation, and had barely crossed the Ashley River on his return when the advance guard of the enemy made its appearance."

Lieut. Moore opened fire, and kept it up until he received intelligence of the enemy having crossed another part."

"His firing gave the first notice to Gen. Lincoln of the approach of the enemy."

"For his valiant conduct Gen. Lincoln placed him 'in command of a redoubt on the right of the lines.'"

This part of the sketch relating to the siege of Charleston is very interesting, but we haven't the space to give more to it. We are told that Major Moore "accumulated a large estate, lived honored and respected by his numerous family and a large circle of friends and acquaintances;" that "through the great political struggle of '98, he sustained the Virginia resolutions and continued down to his death a constant supporter of the doctrines of the Republican party, contending that the construction given to the Constitution by that party was not only the true construction, but the only one that would carry out the objects of the founders of our system of government;" that when he died "every demonstration calculated to do honor to his memory was given by the neighboring public at his funeral—the clergy, the bench (Chancellors D. Johnston and Harper being present, the bar and a large concourse of citizens."

For the information of the younger people and those not familiar with the political history of this country, it should be stated that the Republican party mentioned above is the same as what is now known as the Democratic party, and those now advocating the principles of the present Republican party would have been called Federalists. But we must let Major Moore tell of the events of more than a hundred years ago in his own words. The asterisk (*) will show omissions from the manuscript.

Towards the close of a long and eventful life, it is not to be wondered if my mind should return to past scenes, and delight in retaining the vicissitudes of pain and pleasure, that have marked and chequered its progress. This is natural; I have had my share of both.

Upheld by an Almighty Providence, I have passed unhurt through scenes of blood and sufferings, and now, in my old age, enjoy peace and plenty, for which I tender my grateful thanks to my Almighty Protector and Benefactor. Exclusive of that satisfaction, which every honest mind must feel in the conscientious discharge of duty towards his fellow men and towards his country, I have a motive for re-creating, and committing to writing, the scenes of my past life. It is for the information, and I trust for the benefit, of my children; for although my name will not adorn the pages of history, or be sounded among men, by the trumpet of fame, I think, I have moved correctly in the sphere which Providence had designed for me, and have done my duty in every station and relation of life to which I have been called, as a citizen, as a soldier, as a husband, as a father and as a friend. There is nothing in my course that my children need blush at; some parts I desire that they imitate, and I most sincerely wish that they may excel me in everything that is great and good, and that they may be an ornament to their family and country.

I may incidentally attempt to rescue from oblivion the memory of some few of my brave companions in arms and in sufferings, men who have offered themselves as a sacrifice on the altar of liberty, and whose name perished with them on the

battlefield. I will speak of them, and of others worthy in my opinion to be remembered, but have now passed away.

I was born in Ireland, the county of Londonderry, and parish of Bovevagh, on March 25th, 1755. Some pains were taken with my education, and I trust that I profited by it. I am sensible of the advantages it afforded me, and I am indebted to it for the education which I received, and for the means by which I became capable of discerning the baneful effects of that system of oppression, which then bound and crushed my native land. From this evil I saw no remedy but to fly from it.

I crossed the bar at Charleston on the 27th Nov., 1774, and about Christmas following I traveled up the country into the neighborhood of the present town of Winnsboro, a youthful stranger in a strange land, and having to make my way in the New World as well as I could, I undertook teaching school near where I now reside, and lastly at the Flat Rock Spring, near where the town of Winnsboro now stands. From this circumstance originated the first college established in the State of South Carolina. Several gentlemen whose children were committed to my care, with a number of others, taking into consideration the great public good that would result from the establishment of a well organized seminary of learning, in a part of the country favored with health and fertility of soil, met together with the view of forming a society and founding the new college of Mount Zion, viz: Col. John Winn, Richard Winn, Robert Ellison, John Ellison, James Hart, William Strother, William Kirkland, Thomas Woodward, myself and several others attended the meeting. A society was formed and incorporated by act of the Legislature by the name of "Mt. Zion Society," Feb. 18, 1777, the name act chartering a college by the name of Mt. Zion College. But before these benefactors of mankind had time to make the arrangements to carry their benevolent intentions into effect the war commenced in South Carolina.

But as soon as peace was established, these good men, or such of them who survived the war, resumed with ardor their plan of instruction, and in the year 1785, the Mt. Zion Society went into full operation, under the presidency of the Reverend Thomas McCauley, answering in every respect the most sanguine expectations of its first founders. In a short time about eight young men enrolled themselves as students. Many came from North Carolina. The seminary flourished from the year 1785 to the year 1792, and then an unfortunate schism between the upper and lower country produced a decline as rapid as was the rise of this college. Mr. McCauley resigned the president's chair, and the institution finally dwindled into an elementary school, suspended altogether at intervals. Later on more activity and energy were manifested, and the school was re-opened, and the generous spirit of its founders appear to be revived, and the people of Fairfield District may now look forward with the hope of a permanent institution. The members of the Society in Charleston have up to the present time continued to support the college, and the management with all its funds. Mr. David Read Evans was immediately and unanimously elected president, and the rest of the officers were elected from the country members. Mr. Evans was appointed principal, but his health caused him to resign. Mr. Stafford succeeded him, and the prospects of its future at this time are flattering.

The spirit of independence and opposition to the encroachments of the British Government began to be manifested in South Carolina (1775). Committees were formed, and every means taken to open the eyes of the people to their true interests and to prepare them for the events that followed. Among those means was the giving commissions to all men of talents, wealth and influence in either the military or civil lines.

When it was not strictly attended to, the neglected generally turned Tories and joined the enemy. The Reverend Mr. Tennant and the Honorable William Henry Drayton were sent from Charleston to the interior country for the express purpose of informing the people of their duty to their country. I heard Mr. Tennant preach at Jackson's Creek Old Meeting House. His discourse was well adapted to convince the people of the absolute necessity of defending themselves against the unprovoked and unjust attacks of the British. It was calculated to reconcile the disaffected, to strengthen the principles of liberty in the heart.

In the winter of 1775-6, the King's friends in South Carolina embodied themselves in his favor in the upper part of the State and there erected the King's standard. They were called by the Whigs Seceders from their leader, but they were soon defeated and scattered by our militia and regulars under the command of Col. Richardson. This expedition was called the Snow Caps.

In the year 1775, the Sons of Freedom in South Carolina prepared for actual hostilities, and letters were compelled to give place to arms. After reading the Declaration of Independence and the pamphlet called "Common Sense," with some other writings in favor of liberty and independence, I was so fully convinced of the justice of the American cause, that I was from that moment resolved to tender what personal service I could do.

I informed Col. John Winn of my intentions, and to join the American army, and he kindly favored me with a recommendation to Col. Owen Roberts of the Continental Artillery Regiment of South Carolina. By that gentleman I was politely received, and commissioned as adjutant in his regiment on October 20, 1777. He kindly furnished me with such books as were calculated to instruct me particularly all those branches of science connected with the duties of an artillery officer.

I studied diligently, devoting all my leisure hours to improvement, and was stationed as 1st Lieutenant October 25, 1778, and on May 9, 1780, Capt. Lieut. in the room of Capt. Lieut. Gilbank killed in the siege of Charleston.

In the year 1778, our regiment was ordered from Fort Johnson on James Island to Fort Lytle on Port Royal Island, near the town of Beaufort. In this year an invasion of Carolina and Georgia lands, to take St. Augustine, a regular fortified town, was by a castle forty feet high, with a deep and wide ditch, and mounted with numerous and heavy artillery. The expedition was commanded by Maj. Gen. Robert Howe, with about 1500 men, for the army advanced without opposition till it arrived at Fort Foy, where the British destroyed themselves and saved our army that trouble. This invasion was of advantage to our enemies; it showed them the strength of our Southern army, and the military capacity of its commander. Death and desertion lessened Howe's army five hundred

men, which was severely felt afterwards in the following year. The invasion of Florida was undertaken in the heat of summer, a very improper season, but the enemy invaded Georgia December following with more prudence and success, and there joined 3000 men from New York commanded by Col. Campbell, who had landed near Savannah, which our General attempted to defend. The Americans were defeated and obliged to retreat into South Carolina, with the loss of one hundred killed, and four hundred and fifty made prisoners, and seven pieces of cannon captured.

Soon after this, Gen. Howe was superceded in the command of the Southern army by Gen. Lincoln. Gen. Howe was not much esteemed by the army. Gen. Lincoln and the English, Gen. Gadsden received Howe's fire, and then fired at right angles from Howe and thus ended the duel.

Gen. Provost from St. Augustine in the month of February, 1779, having arrived at Savannah in the month of February, 1779, sent a naval and land force to take possession of Beaufort and Port Royal Island, esteeming it a commanding and advantageous station whence they could at pleasure send out detachments to seize and destroy the plantations on the main land and adjacent islands. This force, it was said, consisted of two battalions of veteran infantry, with a howitzer, and commanded by two majors, viz: Gadsden and Brander. This force was engaged by Gen. Montrie, with a detachment of the Charleston militia, with two field pieces, commanded by Capt. Edward Rutledge and Thomas Heyward, two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who bravely redeemed their pledge they had given to their country on the floor of congress, viz: to hazard their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in its defence. I have never learned that any others of the signers of the Declaration of Independence had a similar chance of redeeming their pledges. Their presence in the battle was a sure augury of victory.

To these was joined a small detachment of our artillery regiment with one field piece, to which I was attached, commanded by Capt. De Treville. Capt. Win Mitchell pointed the gun, and Lieut. James Field stopped the vent, and I fired it. Capt. Lieut. Dumont also acted the part of a private. We voluntarily agreed to go into action as private men rather than not fight the enemy; we had only nine privates. The force on each side was nearly equal in number, but the British were all regulars and well disciplined, ours all militia, except (the force) working one field piece, and none of them had ever been in actual service before. For the first time faced the enemy in battle. The Americans were drawn up and formed with one field piece on the right of the road leading from Beaufort to the ferry, the Charleston Artillery to our left, and on open ground, about three miles from the town of Beaufort. The enemy formed on lower ground in a drain, covered with a low growth of woods. In this situation the enemy was more covered from view than the Americans.

The action lasted about an hour, when the enemy's howitzer was disabled, they fled and left us an undisputed victory. We were highly pleased to see the British back. Maj. Barwell of the militia, afterwards General, with a small party of cavalry acted with good effect on the enemy's flank and rear, and took several prisoners in their retreat. We buried their dead and provided for the wounded. This was the only battle gained by the Americans in this campaign, in South Carolina, or Georgia. A few days after this battle, we returned to the mainland and encamped a short time at Sheldon's Bluff. It was with real regret we evacuated Port Royal Island, where the inhabitants had endeavored themselves to save by their politeness and by many friendly attentions.

(To be continued.)

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Always Proves Effectual.

There are no better medicines on the market than Chamberlain's. We have used the Cough Remedy when all others failed, and in every instance it proved effectual. Almost daily we hear the virtues of Chamberlain's remedies extolled by those who have used them. This is not an empty puff, paid for at so much a line, in the hope that suffering humanity may try these remedies, and like the writer become convinced of the excellence of Chamberlain's. For sale by McMASTER CO., Druggists.

BUCKLE NEWS.

I think this would be a fine time for the Legislature to conclude to let the majority of electors of the State of South Carolina have their way about prohibition and quit tampering with the bad liquor traffic, as it is feared this body of law-makers have done or are going to do. If the sovereign people's will is to be ignored in that way, the present set of members will have to give way to another selection of men, elected by the "dear people" who will carry out their will. This drinking and trafficking in liquor has been the cause of too much ruin and murders in our State to justify remain silent, when the law-makers knew they were not going according to the election of the people. Should not the lives of the people be more an object to the State than the little ill-gotten money derived from the distillery. What a pity! The life of one innocent South Carolinian is worth more than all the money in the universe. To think now of the State having been dragged into, and to be forced to continue in, such a business is too bad.

The people ought to elect men who will obey their wishes. Remember the tillers of the soil of the dear old State have to pay the salaries, therefore you should make and should have passed the prohibition law that the majority of the people demanded, or resign and let men be sent there that will not put it off. Is liquor better than the lives of the people, or do you officers love the liquor because it keeps you in office?

Leeson's History of Fairfield was loaned to the historian, Dr. Logan, and I am informed that it is lost. The extract contributed by "Whisper" was copied before the manuscript passed into Dr. Logan's hands. I read Capt. Jos. K. Allen's letter and I think the historian from whom he quotes Dr. Logan's letter is correct. The extract contributed by "Whisper" is from "Leslie's Diary." In Draper's History, Allen's Diary, the spelling of Lesley's Ford is Leslie's Ford.

May 14th, 1780—Continued our march to a rebel colony, James Leslie's plantation. Leslie is the rebel leader; his family is at home. The 15th—Got in motion at 7 o'clock in the morning, and marched two miles to Leslie's Ford; forded Broad River."—Draper's History, Allen's Diary, and Heroes, page 594.

This Leslie's looks much like Leslie's. At some future time I will try to locate Fort Wagner, a fort built before the Revolutionary war for protection from the Indians.

lore the Revolutionary war for protection from the Indians. Capt. Thos. M. Lyles, of Louisiana, arrived at his father's home Saturday last. The trip was made thirty-six hours from Shreveport. What a wonderful thing is steam. He and his venerable father are visiting Mrs. A. B. Davis and Mrs. T. W. Woodward this week.

The friends of Capt. R. S. Desportes regret his death very much. A gallant soul has passed away and his rest is in the land of the living. Mrs. C. Ladd is tolerably well. I close with the hope that every farmer may make plenty of corn and a reasonable quantity of everything else needed on the farm, and make home worth living at.

I read the able editorials of the last several numbers with pleasure, and also the communications from our correspondents. J. C. Feaster. February 12, 1898.

OAKLAND COTTON GROWERS MEET.

The Oakland Cotton-growers Association of No. 4 township held its third monthly meeting at Mr. J. C. Willingham's this afternoon. The members expressed their desire to continue the organization regardless of what the county, State, or Federal association may do. They believe that organization is necessary, and that the individual good that will be derived from the meetings will justify them in keeping up the organization.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted, after which the following resolution was submitted and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we recommend to such members of this association as have heretofore planted cotton to the neglect of other crops, that they reduce their cotton acreage to the extent as will give ample time and opportunity to the cultivation of such crops as are necessary to make their farms self-sustaining.

After the adoption of this resolution, most of the members were called on to express their belief as to whether the cotton acreage will be materially reduced throughout the South. There are a great many farmers who are looking to legislative means of relief, and are turning their guns on the Legislature. The unhealthy financial condition of our country, and the speculation in cotton futures. We admit that these are all evils by which the farmers of the South are affected, but it is not very likely that they will be either remedied or removed in the near future, that being the case the farmers should adopt the most available means of relief, and that can only be done by making their farms self-supporting and after that produce all the cotton they can at a minimum cost. Whether it is over-production or an under-consumption of cotton, the effect is the same to the farmers. Over-production is a case in which all cannot be consumed, while under-consumption is a case in which all cannot be sold. It is seen that there is a surplus in both cases; and it's the surplus that depresses the price.

We do not believe that the cotton acreage generally will be reduced but to the contrary, the greatest danger will be that there will be a further increase. The farmers have twice in recent years had experience in low price as low as 44 cents. The following year, through the efforts of the cotton organization, and Providence, the crop was reduced over two millions of bales; the result was that the price advanced from 44 to 9 cents a pound, the farmers have not forgotten that. We had 5 cents cotton last fall, and they are expecting a similar advance and are going to make an effort to have as much as possible if such an advance should come. But, if seasons are favorable, and we succeed in making our own cotton, we will have 4 cents cotton than anything else; then organization can be effected. We will see the evil of our way and turn from the all cotton plan to that of a more prosperous and progressive system of farming such as is advised in the above resolution, and those who carry this resolution into effect this year will be better prepared to meet such a condition of affairs.

Feb. 11, 1898.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss. LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHETER.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, the 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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CENTREVILLE DOTS.

During the last few days the thought came into my mind that your readers might like to hear something about this part of the country, and therefore concluded to send The News and Herald a few dots.

The farmers in this section are now preparing their lands for cotton and corn, and the "gee" and "haw" of the plough hands can be heard far and near. It is to be hoped that the farmers will not plant cotton so extensively as to be detrimental to the production of home consumption.

Mr. S. C. Moore and Mr. David Brannan are two of our progressive men. These gentlemen have grist and saw mills, and are prepared to grind for the public and furnish the trade with first-class lumber.

Centreville has a flourishing school, with an average attendance of twenty-five scholars, under the tutorage of Mr. George W. Moore, of Ridgeway. The trustees visited the school a few days ago, and we are glad to say that we received a promise from them that certain repairs would be made which will add much to the comfort of teacher and pupils.

On Saturday last, while Herb Simms, a local, was at school, handling his gun, a little son of Mr. S. C. Moore became very much interested in the hammer of the lock, whereby the gun was discharged, the entire load of small shot passing through Herbert's right arm above the elbow, inflicting a painful but not serious wound. Dr. J. A. Glenn was called upon, dressed the wound and made Herbert as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Henry Dinkins, who has been under medical treatment for some months past, is improving. We hope to see her entirely well ere long.

Mrs. Thomas Hollis, living near "Ball Neck," and Mrs. Jack Benke, of Smyrna neighborhood, are both very ill. Their husbands and friends have our deepest sympathy. Sonnie. February 11, 1898.

MORLEY'S MEETING HOUSE.

Where Was It?—A. W. L. Thinks Messrs. Douglas and Woodward are Mistaken in their conclusions.

Mr. Editor: Has it never struck you as a little singular that the Mobley Meeting House should have been located according to testimony as given in articles written by Messrs. Douglas, Woodward and Feaster, some distance from any public road and in an out-of-the-way hollow, near a branch?

Thinking there must be some mistake in thus locating the Meeting House, I have inquired diligently among the people who live in this neighborhood, and find that those who have lived all their lives in close proximity to the location given by those gentlemen do not agree with them. Let me submit some proof: Old Toby Young, who died some time ago, and who was born about 1795, seemed to have a vivid recollection of things when he was a boy of ten years. Now remember that this was only about thirty years after the close of the Revolution, and what he states was not only his own observation but what he had learned from his ancestors and other old persons who figured in the stirring times of 1776. He has frequently talked with Capt. W. B. Estes about this very mound (supposed by Mr. Douglas, to have been built as a protection to the Meeting House) and the remains of an old house (thought to some to be the site of the Meeting House). Now Toby distinctly stated that a man by the name of Wall lived where the old ruins stand; that Wall was an old man when he (Toby) was a boy, and that he had always lived at this place. This would carry us back to between five years before the Revolutionary war (say 1770 and 1800). As proof of this the branch or creek, from time immemorial, has been called Wall's branch or creek. Now as to Mound: Capt. Estes thinks that this was built a long time prior to 1776—probably in pre-historic ages by the mound builders. Old Toby said that that mound was used by hunting parties who camped there for weeks at a time. They dug a deep ditch around the mound; would cross the ditch on poles and then drag the poles in after them as a safe protection against wild beasts. Again: Wall and his friends of these are buried not more than two miles off, and others were staunch Whigs and made this mound and Wall's Louse their rendezvous.

Now where was the Mobley Meeting House? Just where one would naturally think it would be built—on a beautiful eminence, near the main Chester road, and on the site of the plantation. According to the late Samuel Stevenson and Wyatt Coleman, two men who were very clear in their recollection of dates and places, and who were born about 1800, the site of the Meeting House was about 200 yards in front of the old Mobley house, where now stands Capt. Estes' house. Dr. Douglas, Capt. Estes and others recollect seeing some of the old logs at this place. This was the place always pointed to by old folks as the site of the Mobley plantation. According to the late Samuel Stevenson and Wyatt Coleman, two men who were very clear in their recollection of dates and places, and who were born about 1800, the site of the Meeting House was about 200 yards in front of the old Mobley house, where now stands Capt. Estes' house. Dr. Douglas, Capt. Estes and others recollect seeing some of the old logs at this place. This was the place always pointed to by old folks as the site of the Mobley plantation. According to the late Samuel Stevenson and Wyatt Coleman, two men who were very clear in their recollection of dates and places, and who were born about 1800, the site of the Meeting House was about 200 yards in front of the old Mobley house, where now stands Capt. Estes' house. Dr. Douglas, Capt. Estes and others recollect seeing some of the old logs at this place. This was the place always pointed to by old folks as the site of the Mobley plantation.

For The News and Herald.

THE PAINTING OF THE LEAVES.

One night in the early autumn, There came on a chilly breeze This whisper, "Autumn is at hand, Among the green clad trees."

"The said that an artist is coming, Who with touches soft and light, Will cause the woods to glow With hues that charm the sight."

Some trees shall stand arrayed In leaves as yellow as gold, While others in crimson dress Shall flaunt their colors bold; Then as if in lavish mood, The artist his palette will blend, And a shower of rainbow tints To many trees will lend.

"Oh! I am so glad, so glad," A chorus of voices cried, "We are rejoiced to hear That our dresses will be dyed. It is our wish to bide, If but for one brief day, So, painter, haste your coming And make our colors gay."

"We've worn this green so long, And fain would have a change, Although this wish may seem To many a foolish thing, When we know November's blasts Will strip us of our leaves, Yet of this fact so bare Our spirits never grieve."

"Of wearing of the green We never will complain," Said the cedar, pine and holly, "Although you vote it plain. The night of you refreshes The longing eyes of man, As he gazes on the bowers, And dreary landscapes sear."

"Sometimes the frost besprinkles With diamond dust our leaves, Or the ice around us fast, A seeming shroud doth weave; Still our robes do look as if The sun his warmest rays Reserved for us, through all, The freezing, wintry days."

With palette, paints and brush, This beautiful artist came, And worked unceasingly 'Till the woods were all aflame. Into all things gorgeous, He seemed to dip his brush, From rainbows and sunsets Many bright tints to crush.

When hills and mountains wore A crown of beauty rare, And all the dales and valleys Did this glorious beauty share, "This season's work is finished," Said the artist, "but in spring I'll come again, and tints For every flower will bring."

What a tender, dreamy haze Enveloped all the land, As these bright frescoes grew Under the magic hand. The winds did hold their breath, And the birds more softly sung, As they flitted from tree to tree, Or to topos branches clung.

I fancy they wondered if These were the self-same woods In which they had builded nests And reared their tender broods. "Though the days are sunny, warm, And the birds a radiant sight," Said the older, wiser birds, "We must prepare for flight."

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His home treatment for the habit and drug habit can be sent to any address. Correspondence solicited and confidential.

References: Any banker or city official of Hot Springs. 12-1-97

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17-17

AN OPEN LETTER
TO MOTHERS.

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I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every bottle of the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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We have placed a variety of goods on a counter to be sold at bargain prices. Come and see it. Dress Goods, Braids, Velveteens, Underwear, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. All goods about half price.

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